

Sir C H A R L E S     S E D L E Y \$

Baronet. *Songs.*

[Poetical Works. 1707.]

*SONG.*

LOVE still has something  
of the sea! From  
whence his Mother  
rose; No time, his slaves  
from Doubt can free, Nor give  
their Thoughts repose.

They are becalmed, in clearest days;  
And in rough weather  
tost: They wither under  
cold delays,  
Or are in tempests lost\*

One while, they seem to touch the  
port ?

Then straight into the  
Main ! Some angry wind, in  
cruel sport<sub>f</sub>  
The vessel drives again.

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear;  
Which if they chance to  
'scape, Rivals and  
Falsehood soon appear  
In a more dreadful sliape.

By such degrees, to Joy they come,  
And are so long  
withstood; So slowly they  
receive the sum<sub>f</sub>  
It hardly does them good!

\*Tis cruel to prolong a Pain!  
And to defer a Joy  
(Believe me, gentle  
CELEMENE !)  
Offends the winged Boy !